Volume LXXVII CHICAGO, APRIL 6, 1916 Number 6

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

A Challenge Accepted

To all whom it may concern:

Whereas, President Wilson, speaking recently in St. Louis, challenged those who differ with him as to the immediate need for unusual naval and military preparations to "hire large halls" and state their case to the public, and

Whereas, the various militarist organizations masquerading as "defense" societies and falsely claiming that they alone can speak for American patriotism are deliberately creating a widespread condition of hysteria as to the safety of this country and the danger of foreign invasion, and

Whereas, this reckless propaganda of militarism and jingo-imperialism if allowed to go unchecked will inevitably lead to the destruction of the principles of liberty and freedom upon which the hope of American Democracy is based;

We hereby announce that we have accepted the President's challenge and have hired the largest halls in New York, April 6; Buffalo, April 7; Cleveland, April 8; Detroit, April 9; **Chicago, April 10;** Minneapolis, April 11; Des Moines, April 12; Kansas City, April 13,; St. Louis, April 14; Cincinnati, April 15; and Pittsburgh, April 16; where the following American citizens, who have volunteered their services, will set forth

The Truth About "Preparedness"

STEPHEN S. WISE	JAMES H. MAURER	A. A. BERLE
WASHINGTON GLADDEN	HERBERT BIGELOW	ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY
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Signed: ANTI "PREPAREDNESS" COMMITTEE
MUNSEY BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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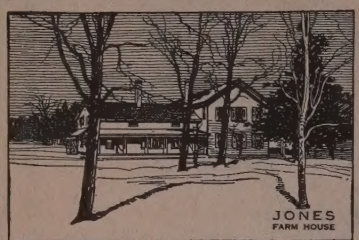

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME LXXVII. THURSDAY, APRIL 6, 1916. NUMBER 6

I CANNOT CONCEIVE THAT WHEN GOD SAID, "THOU SHALT NOT KILL," HE MADE A MENTAL RESERVATION IN FAVOR OF ORGANIZED MEN AS NATIONS, AS REGIMENTS, AS BRIGADES OR AS ARMY CORPS.

—Emil G. Hirsch

This is the seventy-ninth anniversary of John Burroughs' birthday (April 3rd). Hail, prophet of the birds' nests and interpreter of the briar bush! We cannot attend your reception or see your new picture, but we are happy in the old one and here is our hand! Here's to the one who finds joy, meaning and devoutness in the world that is now, and to the one who has brought the devotion of St. Stephen, Hungary's prophet king, down to date.

The following words, in a private letter, coming from one who the nation knows, and who has many reasons for knowing and loving him, should go farther than the editorial heart which it inspires, and so we give it editorial wings:

> I feel with you and Mr. Ford, Peabody and others that we must make a vigorous campaign against this effort now being made to establish militarism in our country. . . . . The world laughs at Ford now,—it will remember him with kindness by and by. You and I are growing old and it is our sad lot to see our sun setting behind a rain of blood. But the end is not yet. By and by, after the sun sets, it will rise again on a morning of Peace. Is it not so?

The critics seemed a little surprised that our neighbor, Edwin H. Lewis, Professor of English at the Lewis Institute, should have produced his first novel at forty-eight, "Those About Trench," but the surprise should be that anybody could write a novel that can profoundly interpret the human soul and its mystic weavings with much less than forty-eight years' experience to draw from. Already this book is commanding attention such as would be expected by all those who have been permitted to know the author.

J. Lawrence Laughlin, the economist of the University of Chicago, declares that if the Government is to regulate the rates for railroads they must also regulate the wages of the employes, a proposition that is neither unfair nor startling. The commission has a right and is in a position to wisely establish relations between earnings and wages. One thing is sure, the selfish vigilance on the part of neither the capitalists, who look to the railroads for profit on their investment, or the laborers, who look to the railroads for their living wage, can arrive at righteous conclusions without mutual understanding.

It is always good to be in Boston. A city rich in the friendly traditions that delight UNITY. But this would be a red letter week for a UNITY representative to be there, for the Seventy-fifth Anniversary of the Church of the Disciples is being celebrated. A church founded by James Freeman Clarke, the immediate inspiration of which was the perversity of the young minister to retain cordial relation with Theodore Parker, the Unitarian heretic. His new "Church of the Disciples" was to be a church with an open door for the mind as well as the church of the open pew. For forty-seven years the great James Freeman Clarke continued to be a torch bearer to the Nation as well as friend and counselor of a remarkable group of parishioners. Following his high ministry came Charles Gordon Ames, who for twenty-three years more maintained the saintly traditions. Then came from the hills of Lebanon Abraham Rihbany, who for the last five years has kept the lamps in the Boston lighthouse trimmed and burning. This is an anniversary that should be celebrated far beyond the confines of Boston.

Only the initiated realize how much good literature is now, as in ages gone, produced at the university centers of culture. This is another way of saying that much of the best literature must depend upon other support than the commercial for its perpetuation. The following are some of the publications promised by the University of Chicago Press in the near future: A costly two-volume work on Gothic Architecture in France, England and Italy (illustrated), by Sir Thomas Graham Jackson, R. A. The work will cost $14.50. Walter C. Bronson is to follow his admirable volume on "American Poems" by one on "American Prose." Catherine C. Cleveland has promised a study of "The Great Revival in the West, 1797-1805." Professor Edgar Johnson Goodspeed is to give one more study of "The Story of the New Testament," and Addie Grace Wardle promises a book entitled "Handwork in Religious Education." Clarence S. Boucher is undertaking to put life into what to most of us are dry bones of "The Nullification Controversy in South Carolina," and Harold

G. Moulton is editing a "Series of Readings on Principles of Money and Banking." And all this is to come from Chicago. Two miles away from this commissary of the mind are the better known and important "Chicago Stock Yards," successful providers of the nourishment of the body. Chicago rejoices in both centers and bespeaks interest in both.

The tragic death of Dr. Sachs carries with it many lessons. First, the doctor himself is one more witness to the mighty potency that goes with the Jewish-Russian brain. A poor emigrant at twenty-three, traveling the road which so many others have traveled,—newsboy, running a sewing-machine in a garment shop, night student, graduating with honors, rising in his profession, so that at the end of another twenty-three years he is an eminent physician, a trusted public functionary, a beloved and trusted citizen and a tender friend and nurse of the afflicted. In many respects Dr. Sachs is a typical man of his race, and those who think only of him and his kind as possessing an unconquerable will, a tireless brain and a mind hungry for knowledge, see but half the sphere. The other side is not so easily detected, but often, if not always, there is a sensitive soul, endowed with great capacity for suffering, a high spirit, withering under the distrust and unjust elements of the world. But the death of Dr. Sachs is a contribution to the study of municipalities, it gives a lurid glimpse of the infernal elements in city politics, the rottenness that masks under the subtleties and vulgarities which command the patience if not the confidence of respectable people and are oftentimes encouraged by the smiles and patronage of women. Oh, it is all so sad, therefore so bad, and yet, so inspiring, because so revealing of what is excellent and what is permanent.

Ripon College, Wisconsin, is open for congratulations. Its push for an increase of $375,000 to its endowment has been carried to a successful issue. Now it is a "million-dollar institution," but we have the assurance of the management that it is still to continue to be a "small college," the value of which to the youths of America we are in great danger of under-estimating. The imposing bigness of the universities and would-be universities attract the attention of young men and women until they are dazzled, perhaps dazed. So they pass by these smaller colleges and rush to the big ones, where, in the earlier years of their study, they are in danger of being crowded out and stepped upon by the advanced students and the "dons" higher up. It is far from the intention of this note to discredit the value of the great institutions, where great men, costly apparatus and extensive libraries form priceless helps to education. But those institutions are for mature men and women, rather than for boys and girls who need the personal attention of kind hands, and are scarcely prepared to profit by the methods of the great institutions. Ripon College is a good case in point. For over fifty years, with meager resources, it has been an available ladder upon which countless boys and girls have climbed up to a culture that spells character, into an efficiency that has occupied positions of trust and influence widely distributed. We are glad that Ripon College has taken this new lease on life and congratulate it and the State of Wisconsin that it has so efficient a president as Silas Evans, through whose labor, largely, this new strength has been brought about.

A Human Hermit Thrush

During the absence of the Senior Editor in Europe there slipped away into the unseen an old-time friend, an early and continuous contributor to UNITY, whose quiet life frequently overflowed into songs that soothed the heart. Many of them, if not most of them, were permitted to first see light and, what is better, to find human hearts, in and through the columns of UNITY.

Mrs. Mary Stebbins Savage, or, as she was more familiarly known, Minnie Stebbins Savage, was indeed a hermit thrush singing her clear songs in the obscurity of the thicket, perhaps reaching her sweetest notes in the rain. Few of those who heard the song, ever saw the singer, or seeing could suspect her to be the source of the music, so shy, so demure, so painfully modest was she.

A farmer's daughter, a country school teacher, a busy farmer's wife, a diligent home maker, a faithful mother and grandmother was she. She belonged to the "Cooksville group" of friends who used to welcome the Editor of UNITY in the Janesville days so long ago, after his fifteen-mile ride across the country on Sunday afternoons, in the village schoolhouse, built on the little village square, an hour's drive from the nearest railway station. Then there came the life at Madison, Wisconsin, that the children might enjoy the university, and lastly she followed the daughter and sons to far off Boise, Idaho, the daughter of pioneers, herself a pioneer of the spirit.

She was one of the minor poets sojourning on the border lines of mastership. She was almost a poet who would command the attention of publishers. It has always been our hope to see her little sheaf of verse worthily bound and made accessible to the reading world. Now that she has gone this may never happen. Be that as it may, her notes touched with sweet simplicity, oftentimes pitched in the minor key, have ministered to many. UNITY has printed but

few poems that went farther in the way of reprint recognition than her song to the Whip-poor-will, published many years ago. It was picked up by our London exchanges and it commanded, as we remember, the hearty appreciation of John W. Chadwick, who eagerly asked, "Who is the author? Cannot you get some more like that?"

Perhaps some day we may be able to print a Mary Stebbins Memorial Number, in which her songs will be resung. Be that as it may, we are glad to print the following lines sent us by her Madison pastor, Rev. F. A. Gilmore. They were written of the little Unitarian Church in that city and printed in UNITY under the nom de plume of "Marion Lisle," behind which for a while she concealed her identity. We can hardly realize that this dear life, which we were permitted to watch from girlhood to her gray hairs, has slipped away without saying "Good-bye" and without our more timely hale and farewell!

THIS LITTLE CHURCH WE LOVE.

It stands for truth; the truth of God
Set forth in rock and flower,
Voiced by the sea, pushed from the sod,
On-pressing every hour;
It stands for truth slow-filtered through
The ages of the past;
For truth that dawn-like breaks to view
O'er reaches dim and vast,
This little church we love.

It stands for faith in God and life,
In nature and in man;
For faith in high and holy strife
'Gainst error, bond or ban;
It stands for faith in dreams that lift,
And deeds that help the race,
For faith in life beyond the rift,
That haloes every face,
This little church we love.

It stands for love; the love of all
Above, below, beside;
The love that knows nor great nor small,
But only one whole, wide
As is God's universe; it stands
For God's love, tenderest good,
And brave Christ-love that slowly bands
All man in brotherhood,—
This little church we love.

It stands for joyous fellowship,
For uplift, comfort, cheer,
For widening thought, for better grip
Of duty far or near;
It stands for all that's best in us
Wherever we may roam;
We deem it consecrated thus,
And christen it "our home,"
—This little church we love.

—*Marion Lisle.*

A Faithful Ministry

The Rev. John Lewis Marsh was born at Geneva Lake, Wisconsin, nearly sixty-five years ago. He was a pupil and afterward a teacher in the public schools of his native village, then a student at the Meadville Theological Seminary from which he graduated in 1875. This was followed by a continuous ministry of forty years, four years at Ware, Mass., five years at Northfield and five years more at Winchester, in the same State; then nine years' ministry at Saco, Maine, ten years in Lincoln, Nebraska, two years at Colorado Springs, Colorado, three more years at Bolton, Massachusetts. This ministry was terminated by the failing strength that necessarily followed forty years of such activities as are demanded of a Unitarian minister,—a high blend of thought and feeling, a combination of study and service, standing as he must on the picket line of progressive religious thought, holding as best he may communion with the holy lives of the past, utilizing the inspirations and traditions that so justify the conservative feeling, aye, the conservative timidity of religious organizations.

Mr. Marsh's ministry was not such as to command promptly the word "successful"; he was no popular orator; he never "drew" crowds, but who can estimate the triumphs of such patient ministry, such continuous service, such receiving of the confidences of human hearts, such breaking bread to hungry souls, such a source of consolation to bereaved hearts as is suggested by the above record. The present writer knew Mr. Marsh through all these years of public service. He entered Meadville two years after the graduation of the Editor of UNITY, and it is a delight to testify to the dignity and geniality of one whom the word "pastor" rightly fits, and which word becomes a title of honor when offered to such as Mr. Marsh.

The end came in the home of the daughter, a teacher in the public schools of Washington, D. C. The body was laid to rest among those to whom he had ministered so long and so well at Saco, Maine. The faithful wife, a Wisconsin girl, was indeed a yokefellow and a help-meet through all these years. Two daughters and a son remain to enter into this wealth of inheritance.

Mr. Marsh's last word was spoken in December last at the fiftieth anniversary of his old parish in Winchester.

In contemplating such a life the ministry of religion, spite of the distractions and discouragements, becomes again a radiant profession and offers a life's business that may well attract the best endowed and best equipped youths of our country. Though such a career may not bring wealth or even many "achievements," still it represents a continuous stream of energy, consecrating individual lives, sweetening homes, purifying communities. The good wife writes:

As I opened his book after he had gone the following lines came fluttering to my feet, copied by his hand on a small bit of paper and used, no doubt, on some funeral occasion. They seemed to be his voice speaking to us who are left. He has indeed passed through "yon little door," which closed behind him and left me on this side after walking

very close to him, with his hand literally in mine for forty-nine years. I wonder if you know who is the author?

From out what silent land
I came on earth to stand
And learn life's little art
Is not in me to say:
I know I did not stray,—
Was sent, to come my part.
And down what silent shore
Beyond yon little door
I pass, I cannot tell.
I know I shall not stray,
Nor ever lose the way,
Am sent and all is well.

Perhaps some UNITY reader can help answer the question.

CORRESPONDENCE

Police and War

To the Editor of UNITY:

I may confess myself surprised at your comparison of the policeman and the soldier in UNITY of March 23rd. You say the soldier kills and the policeman saves life. Theoretically that statement is true, and it is often true in practice; but very often, also, it is not true. You have noticed in the recent report to the Legislature of Illinois in regard to the prostitution of working girls, as well as in the big report of some years ago in regard to prostitution in the city of Chicago, that the police were largely concerned in fostering that kind of vice; that they connived at it; that they not only protected such houses, but that their silence and ignorance were secured by money payments in many instances?

Have you heard of the "third degree?" Do you know what it means? Do you comprehend why it exists? And do you realize how constantly it is applied, and how utterly brutal it is? It may be that you have heard of the mounted police in Pennsylvania, why it exists by law and for what purposes it is mostly used. The workers of that State call this body of police "the Cossacks," and for a very good reason. It is used very largely, if not exclusively, for the purpose of compelling the workers to submit to the conditions exacted by their employers. It is not used to save life, but to coerce, and to coerce in a manner nothing now transpiring in Europe can exceed in brutality.

If you take the time to follow carefully the labor disturbances taking place in this country, you will discover that the police everywhere are largely used in compelling the workers to return to work when they are on strike. They are not merely used to keeping the peace, but they very often become aggressive and domineering without any regard to limb or life. Did you read the story of the attack of the police of Lawrence, Mass., on the defenceless men, women and children when they were on strike four years ago? That attack was not only uncalled for, but it was cruel, wanton and brutal in the extreme. I learned of a pregnant women who was pounded by a policeman with fierce blows over her back, which was in a most lacerated and fearful condition, as a result. She was obliged to remain in bed for weeks, as a consequence.

I attended meetings of the strikers in Lawrence. I went to their houses, and I saw very much of the conditions there existing. The conduct of the strikers, so far as I could see, was most orderly and well behaved. I believe the conduct of the police was something you would condemn in the most uncompromising words, if you fully realized its nature. And Lawrence is merely a sample.

Such army as the United States has had during the last quarter of a century has been almost wholly of the nature of a police force. It is believed by the workers that it has been kept in existence largely for the purpose of coercing the workers to accept whatever wages and conditions their employers have been willing to give them. I am of the opinion that they are right in this contention. The demand now for an increase of the army, whatever its spoken object, is mainly for the purpose of subjecting the workers throughout the country, rather than for the purpose of fighting Mexico or Germany. There you have the real secret of "preparedness."

Why? Because the workers are becoming more and more restless and revolutionary. The Socialist party is growing, also. That has been plainly stated in Congress as a reason why a standing army is desirable.

Let me suggest to you as a pacifist and as one making war on war, that the way in which you can make your efforts of practical effect this autumn is by voting the ticket of the Socialist party. It is the only party openly at work for peace, and actively striving to prevent war and the forming of a great army and navy. You ought, in my opinion, to inform yourself thoroughly as to what that party in this country is doing, and the probability of the very large vote it will cast at the next presidential election. It is the only party which in any way whatever stands for what you are striving to bring about. Why not give it your support and the encouragement of your voice and vote! A man daring to join the Ford Expedition ought to dare to join the Socialists with open heart and hand. GEORGE WILLIS COOKE.

HOW SPRING AND WINTER MET.

The Winter threw a fleecy net,
The winter threw a fleecy net,
And caught the young Spring over-night.
He put to sleep the budding tree
Within a cloister dim and white;
And the little golden crocus flower,
That comes too early for the bee,
He hid away from sunrise hour.
The brook was conscious of his power,
And lost its trick of babbling words.

But Spring awoke, despite his craft,
And out of window looked and laughed.

At first he set to sing all birds,
With twittering voices small and clear,
And bade them say they felt no grief
To find the snow and mildewed leaf
Heaped up in nests they built last year.
Then from a crystal alcove high,
The bluebird caroled to the sky.
The robin whistled, cheer, good cheer!
The sparrow rung his matin bells,
And far away in reedy dells
The quail a friendly greeting sent.

Then was the stifled pine not loth
To shuffle off the dull white sloth;
Then leaped the brook by icy stair,
And snapped his fetters as he went;
The sun shone out, most full and fair,
And Winter rose and struck his tent.

—*Edith M. Thomas, in "Sunshine Land."*

THE PULPIT

America's Opportunity

Sermon Preached March 12, 1916 in Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago by Jenkin Lloyd Jones

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MRS. ANNIE LAURIE KELLY.

Infinite Presence! Unchanging Reality! We, halting, wavering, dying children of the day, would fain find rest in Thee this morning that we may trust that which is good, serve that which is right, that we may never stray from the fellowship of the loved and the loyal. Be with us consciously this morning; make us glad we are alive; help us to rejoice in this home of ours, and to take pride in this city that shelters us. Help us to ennoble the land of freedom that is given us, may it continue to be the beacon land of hope and opportunity to the hunted children of the earth. Make us worthy of this heritage, help us to strengthen and maintain this Providence of the Divine, organized by man. Amen.

By blue Ontario's shore,
As I mused of these warlike days, and of peace returned, and the dead that return no more,
A Phantom, gigantic, superb, with stern visage accosted me,
Chant me the poem, it said, that comes from the soul of America, chant me the carol of victory
And strike up the marches of Libertad, marches more powerful yet,
And sing me before you go the song of the throes of democracy.

* * * * *

These states are the amplest poem,
Here is not merely a nation, but a teeming Nation of nations,
Here the doings of men correspond with the broadcast doings of the day and night,
Here is what moves in magnificent masses careless of particulars,
Here are the roughs, beards, friendliness, combativeness, the soul loves,
Here the flowing trains, here the crowds, equality, diversity, the soul loves.

* * * * *

Of all races and eras the States with veins full of poetical stuff most need poets, and are to have the greatest, and use them the greatest,
Their Presidents shall not be their common referee so much as their poets shall.

Thus sang Walt Whitman the year after our great war. Who shall adequately state America's opportunity? Who shall interpret her responsibility? Who shall measure the burden that rests upon her shoulders at this time?

I have recently counted with you the lovable qualities in the battle-torn peoples of Europe. I have called the roll of the blood-stained nations and tried to interpret them in terms of sympathy and pity. Behind the bristling trenches, beyond the combative, bebuttoned, belaced and sword-girted generals, we heard the cry of children and the sobs of women. We saw and, I hope, still see, that behind the battle lines lay the depleted fields of Europe, waiting for the husbandman's plowshare, the gardener's vigilance and the benedictions of labor.

May I try this morning to tell not "why I love America,"—the title would be accusing,—but what I see as America's great opportunity?

In the first place, it is America's opportunity to justify its great history; to prove worthy of its magnificent inheritance; to prevent the names of the brave pioneers, not only of America, but of progress, from being forgotten, the pioneer discoverers not only of lands and mountains and prairies, but of the human heart. America must not allow humanity to forget the name of Roger Williams, who, two hundred and eighty years ago, was exiled from our own boastful Boston to face in mid-winter the dangers from a savage people and an unexplored country. For fourteen weeks, as he himself records, he knew not the sight of bread or bed. And all this that he might lay the foundations of the first city or colony to be known in history constitutionally committed to religious freedom.

It is not for America to forget the name of Thomas Jefferson and his magnificent bequest, the man who wished that upon his tombstone might be recorded three great counts, and no more, counts that have rendered all succeeding history potent and made his tomb a shrine toward which liberty-lovers in all nations may well turn their feet reverently. He was the author of the Declaration of Independence, compiler of the statute of Virginia for religious freedom, and father of the University of Virginia. These great counts lay at the feet of the America of today an unmeasured responsibility. The Declaration of Independence and the Emancipation Proclamation constitute America's two great, undying contributions to the liberty of humanity, two unparalleled documents in the literature of human progress.

The last words of the great Jefferson, the most intelligent, accomplished and keen-sighted scholar that ever sat in the President's chair, were: "Tell the committee to be on the alert! Tell the committee to be on the alert!" Then the lips were closed forever. The last moment of the great mind was burdened, not with any petty anxiety about his own soul, or selfish concern for his own future, but, true to the inspirations of a thoughtful life, he was apprehensive for democracy. Again he was President or cabinet officer, anxious for the "committee to be on the alert." Fifty years to the day after the signing of the great document, on the great anniversary day of our nation, the Fourth of July, Thomas Jefferson ceased to wield that splendid power all dedicated to democracy. His was a power perhaps more profound and more intelligent than that of any other man of his time, and, with perhaps one or two exceptions, than that of any man since his time.

On the same day John Adams, his predecessor, by a few hours into the Great Beyond, died, leaving us a similar heritage. Friends, we are members of the committee that disturbed the dying moments of Thomas Jefferson, and his message rings today in the conscience chamber of your soul and mine, urging us to be on the alert, about what? We are not left to guess. On the alert in that cause which he did so much to forward, the equality of all men, the freedom of all minds, the consecration of a throneless nation to the paths of peace and the cause of humanity. This splendid inheritance entrusted to us is enriched, oh, how greatly enriched, by the brave and the loyal of all the years.

Would you know the responsibility of America, the opportunity of this nation today, call the roll of its loving and loyal founders and leaders. I will call a few names without attempting any classification, chronological or otherwise.

See the demure Quaker mother, Lucretia Mott, sitting in the dingy court room where an escaped slave

is being tired. The Government officer asked the judge to remove her from the room, because, he said, in her presence he could not press his case as became his duty, hampered as he was by the radiant face of the Quaker, pledged to no weapons but those of truth.

Let us enter the study of William Ellery Channing, where the first Peace Society in America was organized. Let us catch this one sentence from the liquid flow of the prophet's lips: "The sense of duty is the greatest gift of God on earth!"

Elizabeth Cady Stanton, when the beloved brother, ten or twelve years her senior, passed out of the life of her accomplished father, threw herself into the father's arms to hear him say, "Oh, my daughter, I wish you were a boy!" While the dead brother was yet unburied she sought the old Scotch dominie, who had received his culture in the University of Glasgow, and asked him if he would teach her Greek. The old dominie dropped his hoe in the garden, brought out the dusty Greek grammar, and gave her the first lesson then and there? Thus in her determination to fill, as far as lay in her power, the vacant place of the dead brother, she climbed not only into the confidence of her father, but into the confidence of her age. Woman as she was she stood sponsor for the Thomas Jefferson idea to its ultimate limit, which ignored sex as well as sect lines, and gave to democracy a new emphasis.

Julia Ward Howe was not so modern, not so up-to-date that she could afford to sever the connection between her thought and work and the organized institutions of religion. She never saw the time, with all her culture, that she could dispense with the consolations, the inspirations and the guidance of the church. And so, with the co-operation of her beloved pastor, James Freeman Clarke, and that of their mutual friend, Phillips Brooks, she framed a "proclamation," an "appeal," or an address to the women of Europe, especially to the women in the households of the crowned, begging for their co-operation in establishing a movement that would bring about pacific relations between nations and make horrible war a thing of the past. The response to that appeal, as she herself said, was chilly, and so two years later, in 1872, she started single-handed and alone on the first peace pilgrimage in history, with exactly the same message and exactly the same purpose as that which inspired the more conspicuous and unfortunately more advertised "Ford Peace Expedition." Her message was translated into all the modern European tongues, and she carried her pilgrimage, so far as possible, into the royal chambers of Europe. But feeling that the time was not ripe, she came back to establish the institution of Mothers' Sunday, that annually there might be a rallying in the interest of the liberty for which the United States stands, and that the peace which lay deep in the heart of Thomas Jefferson might be perpetuated.

Charles Sumner! In 1845, on the 4th day of July, this gifted son of the republic delivered the most superb and far-reaching oration in American literature, still a great classic in the library of the thoughtful, on "The True Grandeur of Nations." Pointing to what was then the most modern and up-to-date battleship of the United States, lying in the outer harbor and wearing the proud name of "Ohio," he told his auditors that the money invested in that one battleship would build four Harvard Universities, with all the buildings necessary, and equip them with libraries and professors. He also declared that the "true grandeur of nations" lay not in their battleships nor in their cannons, nor yet in their armament, but in these three great counts which are as vital and potent today as then, the integrity of their citizens, the nobility of their institutions and the intelligence of their voters.

Charles Sumner, like all true citizens, believed in the right kind of preparedness. The opportunity of our republic today is not preparation for the war that may never come, but the preparedness which Sumner promoted and which is now the bulwark of this nation's safety, a preparedness which lies not in our cannon or our powder magazines, but in the development of our resources, the honor of our administration. For, to nations as to individuals, protection lies in "honest thought" and "simple truth,"—these constitute our highest defense.

We hear much of the inadequacy of citizen-soldiers, the unreliability of volunteer service. If the history of the United States proves anything, it proves that a standing army is, even in time of war, the least of our defenses. I know whereof I speak. During the Civil War I was brigaded for three years with one regular battery and four volunteer batteries, and I speak only the cold testimony of history when I say that the regular battery was the untrusted, the one not put forward in serious emergencies. The big standing army that the United States is now begging for cannot be created at present, even if it were so ordered by Congress, because there are not enough weak, cheap, unreliable, uncertain young men to make up such an army, and the good young men, the brave young men, are not going to lend themselves to the indolence of camp in times of peace. There are not "Tommy Atkinses" enough in the United States to make up an army of 400,000. One of our most skilful interpreters of war, a correspondent sent over to report for our papers, has called attention to the significant fact that the surpassing deeds of heroism, the splendid achievements under fire which have cheapened the "Charge of the Light Brigade" and "Pickett's Charge" at Gettysburg, were accomplished by no regulars, either of France or England, but by a regiment of lumberjacks from the backwoods of Canada, raised in the most unmilitary surroundings and rushed to the front with the minimum of training. They were men inured to hardship, trained to self-reliance, and they made invincible soldiers.

Fritz Kreisler, in his "Four Weeks in the Trenches," to which I often refer as the most human document yet produced out of the war, so far as I know, testifies to the fact that out of his fifty men it was the scholars, the professors, who endured the most and dared the most, though he had also the other kind, the trained soldiers that were supposed to be the bulwark of the nation.

So the strength of the nation today lies, first, in the integrity of its citizens; next, in the nobility of its institutions, and last in the intelligence of its voters. So said Charles Sumner in 1845. So it needs to be said today, lest we fall back into the outgrown traditions of monarchy and try to entrench ourselves behind the efficiency of armor, of steel and powder, of

cannon and battleship. When, under the excitement of our Civil War, at a time when the relations between the United States and England were most strained, an indignity offered to our government justified the United States, as we all thought at that time, in taking from an English ship our traitorous citizens, Mason and Slidell, and the clamor of the press and the pressure of the army and navy were all toward violence, then it was that Charles Sumner, that great apostle of democracy, stood up in the Senate of the United States and said, "Gentlemen, we are in the wrong. England is right. Those men must be released." Here was a cause of friction that would undoubtedly have precipitated us into war had we not been fortunate enough to have a Charles Sumner as chairman of the committee on military affairs. But long afterwards a decision was made which by many was thought unfair to our country, but there was courage and heroism enough in the administration of the United States to accept the decision in the now famous Alabama case, as handed down from the highest court. We received it as the law. We were saved because the administration was influenced by such prohpetic souls as Charles Sumner, who knew that no destruction of human life, no slaughter of the innocents, would bring greater justice. With his last conscious breath he whispered to those who stooped over him, "The Bill! Take care of the Bill! Take care of the Bill!" Charles Sumner died with the "Civil Rights Bill" on his heart and uppermost in his mind. He feared not hell and he longed not for heaven; he was not thinking of devil or of God; he was thinking of the high emergency that might defeat the result achieved with so much blood, the Civil Rights Bill that would complete by enactment the promise of the Declaration of Independence. It is the opportunity of the United States at this time to bring the dying messages of Thomas Jefferson and Charles Sumner down to date; to anticipate the hysteria of our country, to rebuke the insanity that, at this time, when Europe is bleeding itself white, would fall back upon the horrible logic of force, abandoning the splendid spiritual heights on which our fore-elders have left us.

Up there with Charles Sumner and Thomas Jefferson I see Samuel G. Howe, the holy knight errant, who broke the bars and let the imprisoned soul of Laura Bridgeman go free, the man who came to the rescue of the most pitiable lunatics to be found in Boston, those who were not permitted to be treated even as wild beasts, but were chained to bedposts and disciplined with whips, so vacant were they supposed to be of soul. He picked out ten of these most desperate and hopeless idiots, tapped at the door of the darkened souls and brought forth spirit,—no, as he himself said, he did not release, but created, spirit.

Alongside of Samuel G. Howe in that Charles Sumner group is Horace Mann, the prophet of our public schools, he who vacated the Governor's chair in Massachusetts, refused the position of legislator in our National Congress, putting aside all the ambitions that would have led him to whatever he might ask in the public confidence, that he might come out to Ohio and battle with stumps, mosquitoes and malaria while he laid the foundations of the humble Antioch College. This school appealed to him because it was to stand for inter-racial, inter-denominational and inter-sex education; the first college of our broad land to say, No sex, sect or race lines shall be drawn in this institution. He died in the prime of life in a raging fever brought on by overwork and exposure, his brain tortured in its last moments with anxieties for Antioch,—Antioch, a free college of the open mind.

It is no easy task that is left us, that of trying to be true to our present opportunities by preserving for ourselves the free mind, securing for all the children of men free schooling and freedom to practice the open mind. When we think of this bequest, how cheap and low are some of the lines of the appeals to patriotism. We sing of our "rocks and rills and templed hills." There are plenty of "rocks and rills and templed hills" in far-off Africa; magnificent "rocks and rills and templed hills" in blood-stained Europe; unparalleled "rocks and rills and templed hills," if travelers are to be trusted, in sleeping Asia. No, we have but small claim to the respect of the nations and small inspirations of our own if we glory only in the extent of our prairies, our "unmeasured wealth," our forests and other "unexhausted resources." The lessons of history clearly show that one may be robbed of these bounties of nature, but they also show that we may encounter defeat and still endure in the hearts of the noble and in the lives of the striving.

The living treasures that belong to our country are the treasures of mind, not alone such as are indicated in the individual cases of which I delight in calling the roll, for the corporate mind, the spiritual entity we call the United States, is never a thing of statistics, never a thing of violence, and it is inconceivable that we should mishandle the spiritual United States in order to promote its material empire. Is it conceivable that we should disgrace and dishonor our fore-elders by seeking permanence and power on lines which they condemned and worked so hard to avoid? Can we save Providence, that city founded by the brave Roger Williams, the first to guarantee religious freedom to its citizens, by fortifying it or digging a trench around it with all the modern barbed-wire entanglements? On the other hand, is there any power of invasion on the globe,—Kaiser, Czar or King,—that can strike the city of Providence out of history and blur the fame of Roger Williams or weaken the potency of his message? This, too, is unthinkable.

It is for us of the United States, then, to justify our common inheritance, to vindicate our ancestors, to restore confidence in their ideas and ideals, to throw back in the face of faithless interpreters the great slander that human agreements, even between nations, are but "scraps of paper," unless backed by claws and horns raised to their human power. I deny the slander. "Scraps of paper" represent the business of the world today. Not a house in Chicago could do business for a week if you broke down its faith in "scraps of paper." Millions of homes in this Western Continent are rendered sacred and more enduring for marriage vows spoken at the altar. "Scraps of paper" even in the most questionable form have held and still hold nations in bonds of good-will and co-operation. Novicow, the learned student of history, whose little book is one of the classics on this subject, estimates that during the years from 1300 B. C. to 1868 A. D.,—hold the dates for a moment in your minds,—eight thousand treaties between nations were sealed, and that these treaties held for an average of two years

each through over three thousands years of time. Study frail human nature on any side and you will find in its record cause for encouragement. Of course treaties have been broken, of course promissory notes have been defaulted, of course men have proved unreliable in business and companies have gone down discreditably; but these facts are noticeable because they are exceptions to the rule.

It is for the United States to recommit its life and interests to the arbitrament of reason, the multiplication of treaties, of which several score have been signed and sealed under the present administration, and most of them will hold. But if some of them are broken, the remedy lies, not in the slaughter of the innocents, but in the consensus of the competent finding new ways of vindicating law as it is vindicated on the streets of Chicago and through the help of its police force. It is for the United States to draw the broad distinction between an "army" and a "police force." We need a police force to promote the well-being of our citizens, to save life, to protect the community, to be equal to emergencies that may arise. We exercise such a force in the home, we are developing it in the city, we need an army and navy to preserve and enforce law within, but no more armies to hold down the nations to the old ethics of the duel. We should endeavor to lift the nations into an international compact where the good-will of all will compel confidence and obedience in each. Recent events have proved what I say. An acknowledged bandit, a proclaimed outlaw, whose authority our government has persistently refused to recognize, with a few maddened desperadoes, certainly not more than a few hundred, recklessly "shot up"—that is what they call it out West—a little village of the plains on the Mexican border line, killing sixteen Americans. If the newspapers are to be trusted, one hundred of the outlaws paid the bitter penalty with their lives,—one hundred and sixteen dead away out there on the plains where recklessness has always obtained, and lo! throughout the length and breadth of the land comes the call to arms, a demand that an army thousands strong shall invade a foreign country in order to capture the outlaw leader. Anyone who knows anything about warfare knows that, from a tactical standpoint, such a quest would be as if you went out hunting wolves with howitzers or shooting rabbits with ten-pounders, and, what is worse, in the hunt many good men will be slaughtered and many legitimate interests will be broken up.

The papers tell us that 5,550 Illinois militiamen are ready to go to hunt down that one bandit and his handful of associates, and that these 5,550 soldiers, enlisted men, are officered by 552 officers,—one officer for every ten men. We who know from experience what warfare is realize that it might be more efficient and save a lot of money if the 552 officers were sent down there and the men allowed to stay home to put in the crops this spring. I submit this plan as good tactics, as it certainly is good economy, and by some such sharp thrusts of common sense is the United States to become equal to its present opportunity. Thus will it prove its faith in its fathers and perpetuate the domination of law and of reason as laid down by Roger Williams, Thomas Jefferson, Charles Sumner, Samuel G. Howe, Thomas Higginson and all the blessed women and a lot more men,—Emerson, Lowell, Whitman, and the rest of them representing the solid United States that now confronts the world and challenges the admiration of humanity. Let me bear the testimony of a recent traveler and fling back the untruthful insinuation that the United States has no friends over in Europe now; that nobody likes the United States. This may be true of the militant leaders of the belligerent countries; but, believe me, the heart of Europe is tender toward the United States. The hopes of Europeans, individually and politically, are centered in the United States, and their own faith in the future is obscured only when they look in vain for the divine leadership of the United States.

The last book to reach my study table came last night. It is called "The Confession of a Hyphenated-American," and it is written by our friend, Edward Steiner of Iowa. He says:

> I refuse to be patriotic in the European sense, which means to believe everything bad about other nations and nothing but good about your own, and to hate with desperate hatred the people living yonder, where they have painted another color on the custom house barrier.
>
> If to be an American, a real American, and a patriot, is merely that same thing, then frankly I am neither an American nor a patriot; for, in America, I have been emancipated from the patriotism of hate.

Heaven help us to seek that emancipation! Again he says:

> Even as dogs are trained to guard sheep, and to give their lives for them, begin to eat them as soon as they smell their blood, so we feel the passion of primitive man; the moldy odor of the cave is upon us, and we have fallen back several thousand years.
>
> I am not afraid of war, not afraid that house and home, reared in the joy of love and labor, may be destroyed. I am not afraid of dying. I should rather be riddled by bullets than eaten by cancer. I should sooner perish by a submarine than from Bright's disease.
>
> I do fear, frankly fear, killing and destroying. Most of all, I am afraid of demolishing the structure we have reared here; a rare commonwealth, made up of the flotsam and jetsam of the world, which has drifted in through the longer and shorter years. We are a nation, a great nation, a united nation, although composed of the most diverse materials.
>
> I have no objection to preparedness, but I do object to the attending hysteria, which may accomplish the very opposite of what is desired, and weaken rather than strengthen the nation. Guns and battleships can be bought for money, but fidelity and devotion cannot be gained by breeding suspicion of those who happen to have been born in another country.
>
> I plead guilty to being one of those "molly-coddles" and "college-sissies" held up to the ridicule of the populace. I do not believe in war,—not until every resource to settle the difficulty without it has been exhausted.

I do not believe in war, and I am willing to go on record, as Mr. Steiner has done, and to say so, as an American. Oh, we can easily pay for more guns and battleships, we can spare men from the constructive walks of life if it be necessary; but more than these things I deplore the fall of our ideals, the disintegration of our faith in principle, the brutalizing of our young men and the making superficial of our young women by leading them away from these great leaders of thought and culture, science and art, to engage in the gruesome work of arming men and trying to save a nation by cannon and bayonet, which never yet, since time began, have given permanent peace to any power on earth, as every long range student of history knows.

"What is the subject of your address tomorrow?" asked the venerable ex-Prime Minister of Holland,

in an interview which he himself solicited only a few weeks ago. I said, "I call it, '*Above All Nations is Humanity.*'" The old man was silent for a space, as old brains have a right to be, and then this man of eighty-three years said with great directness, "Why do you not call it 'Above All Nations is God'?" I confess it struck me hard, but I replied, "I think I mean the same thing." "It may mean the same thing to you," said the old man, "but not quite to me." The venerable Hollander probably spoke from the Calvinistic standpoint, certainly from a healthy Calvinistic inheritance, and I took his word from the standpoint given me by my prophets, with whom you are acquainted. But the question was pertinent, whether you speak from the standpoint of Calvin or of Channing, from Bible text or the verdict of science, from Moses or Darwin, for, above all nations is God, and all nations, like individuals, are amenable to the God of Justice and Right; nations as men are weighed in the balances of the Eternal, which are founded in equity, and the determining figures are written in the signatures of love and justice.

Oh, it is the privilege of the United States, our beloved United States, to become, as Whitman called it, "A nation of nations;" to rejoice in the polyglot quality of its citizenship, to cherish its inheritance of variety, to commit the lesson which I recently gave to our Sunday School teachers, the message coming down a thousand years from the first great King of Hungary, when he said that the people of one language and one descent are necessarily weak; that multiplicity of language and variety of descent are necessary in order to make men strong. If King Stephen of Hungary had reason to resort to that logic in the tenth century, how much more profound is its reading in the United States in this, the twentieth century of the Christian era.

> Rally 'round the flag, boys, rally once again,
> Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

We sang this song in '61 to '65, and we will sing it again, but the flag we will now rally around is not a flag that can be torn by powder and ball, but the banner of free thought, of hospitality, of reason, of courts and laws. And, if need be, in the brave language of Bishop Grier of New York City, I am prepared to say that the cause which might call for me to give my life to its establishment may yet call for a nation to ascend its Calvary, and that nations, as individuals, may ascend the Mount of Triumph and conquer by the Cross, like the Nazarene.

Guide us, Father, into the land of universal love, the country of peace, the government of righteousness, that Thy purposes may be fulfilled through us here on earth. Amen.

"This war will not bring peace; no war will bring peace; only love and mercy and terrific virtues, such as loving one's enemies, can bring such a terrific thing like peace. . . . The hardest fight is to love the person you want to fight and to seek his good rather than yours."—*Mabel Dearmer in "Letters from a Field Hospital."*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Growth of Christianity

Stepping Stones Across the Centuries from Paul to Luther

Being the Sixth Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion, as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to his classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

VII.

St. Ambrose and St. Augustine

TEXT: *"For what other thing is our end, but to come to that kingdom of which there is no end?"*
Augustine.

Jerome—340-420, dying at 80.
Augustine, 354-430, dying at 76.
Ambrose—334-397, dying at 63.

In so-called ecclesiastical history there is a technical meaning to the term "Fathers of the Church." These acknowledged great teachers of the first four or five centuries are divided into the Greek and Latin Fathers. The earlier, of whom we have been studying, Origen, Justin Martyr and Clement, are called the Greek Fathers because they wrote in Greek and represented that earlier period of organized Christianity that finally made its headquarters at Constantinople. They are claimed by both Roman and Greek churches. The Latin Fathers were Roman and wrote in Latin. They are best represented by Ambrose, Jerome and Augustine, who were practically contemporaries. Jerome, from Bethlehem, gave to the world the Latin version of the Bible, the Vulgate. Ambrose accomplished his great work at Milan, in northern Italy. Augustine's name is associated with, and his work for thirty-four years centered round, Hippo, about thirty or forty miles from Carthage, then a town of considerable importance, now known as Bona. These towns are the settings in time and space,—Bethlehem, Milan and Hippo,—Asia, Europe and Africa.

We have a charming character in Ambrose. The son of an influential and successful politician, a Prefect of Gaul, he was an accomplished scholar, a student of the classics, not particularly committed to the church but enamored of Christian philosophy. The time came when conditions were so bad politically and religiously in Milan that, without his consent and against his will, as a young man of brains, position and influence, and by virtue of his character and power, he was ordained to take charge of the church. He accepted, probably reluctantly, and might have said, with Hamlet:

> The time is out of joint:—O cursed spite
> That ever I was born to set it right!

He belonged to neither of the two classes to be condemned and avoided—the perpetual office seekers and perpetual office dodgers. As Bishop of Milan, Ambrose, gifted with winning voice, charming face and a conquering personality, drew great crowds to hear

him, became a power, a sort of ecclesiastical mayor. Heretofore, the Emperor Theodosius had exercised his right, by virtue of his position, to sit in the Chapter House with the clergy. Ambrose insisted that only those consecrated to religion should have this privilege. When Milan was besieged by the Vandals and Huns, Ambrose was obliged to withdraw his forces into the Cathedral, where he held them in safety. Tradition tells us that while thus imprisoned, Ambrose introduced the singing of hymns and chanting of Psalms, which custom, from that time on, was established in the Western Church. Perhaps the Te Deum was sung which was specially composed for use at the baptism of Augustine, that first great hymn of the Catholic Church which has run through innumerable versions and has been used by Wesley, Doddeidge, Isaac Watts and all the great hymnists.

Augustine was the son of rather a jolly, loose but kind father, an officer in the army, who represented that kind of morality we might as well recognize as being the normal of the military. Augustine's mother, St. Monica, was one of the great mothers of history. St. Monica, by her sweetness and loyalty and devotion to her home, held her husband, who poorly reciprocated her fidelity. Her prayer was that her husband and three sons might be brought to a realization of religion. Augustine developed great intellectual and scholarly brilliancy, but perhaps, like Jerome, was more of a Ciceronian than a Christian. Reading his "Confessions" we see that he found his first impulse toward the thought life in reading a lost work of Cicero's entitled "Hortensius," a philosophic or ethical essay, chiefly found now in the quotations and citations of Augustine.

Augustine early escaped his mother. He wanted not a gay life but a full one. From Rome he went to Milan and there reveled in the good things which culture brings, leading the Bohemian life that belongs to those who pursue literature in elegant exclusiveness. But he was drawn under the influence of Ambrose, felt the power of his preaching, haunted the cathedral, but failed to find peace. One day when in solitude and tears he heard a voice, which bade him "Take and read." He writes:

> Immediately, with changed countenance, I began to think intently whether there was any kind of game in which children sang those words; but I could not recollect that I had ever heard them. I stemmed the rush of tears, and rose to my feet; for I could not think but that it was a divine command to open the Bible, and read the first passage I lighted upon. For I had heard that Antony had happened to enter a church at the moment when this verse of the gospel was being read, "Go, sell all that thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come and follow Me," that he had taken these words home to himself, and by this oracle been converted to Thee on the spot.
>
> I ran back then to the place where Alypsius was sitting; for, when I quitted him, I had left the volume of the Apostle lying there. I caught it up, opened it, and read in silence the passage on which eyes first fell, "Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying; but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh to fulfill the lusts thereof." No further would I read, nor was it necessary. As I reached the end of the sentence, the light of peace seemed to be shed upon my heart, and every shadow of doubt melted away. . . ."

This is one of the historic conversions which we are too much given to disbelieve. Augustine presented himself to Ambrose for that baptism which is one of the great historic consecrations. Afterwards, yielding to the same fascinations that drew Jerome, the delight of solitude, the comforts of the student, and wishing to give himself to the church on scholarly lines, he retired to his home at Tagaste, Numidia. But his experience proved similar to that of Ambrose. A strong man was needed, with brain, consecration, influence and power, and Augustine was chosen. Against his will he found himself Bishop of Hippo, in which position he made himself, in deed and truth, the great Father of the Church for all time. He undoubtedly had trouble in the administration of the affairs of the church, many heresies to deal with, but his intellectual life never faltered. He was a voluminous writer, much of his work being controversial. His "City of God" and "Confessions" are two great perennial classics. There is nothing comparable to his "Confessions" in literature except perhaps Rousseau's Confessions and Tolstoy's "Childhood and Youth." They form practically an autobiography of his pre-baptismal days, in which he analyzes his own soul, not for the curiosity of men, but to his Lord. The closing chapters, interpreting his mother's life and influence over him, are very beautiful, very classic and quite modern.

Augustine found in Hippo the old ecclesiasticism falling to pieces. Rome had been sacked, pillaged and captured. The politicians blamed religious fanaticism and the absence of military efficiency. Under this inspiration Augustine wrote his "City of God," the first and greatest of the long line of studies in ideal statecraft, which include—

Dante's "De Monarchia."
Sir Thomas More—"Utopia."
Samuel Johnson—"Rasselas."
William Morris—"News from Nowhere."
William Dean Howells—"Altruria."
Bellamy—"Looking Backward"
H. G. Wells—"When the Sleeper Wakes."
Anatole France—"The White Stone."

Nor will we forget Plato's "Republic," which, although pre-Christian, is one of these valuable studies in sociology.

The characters of Monica, Ambrose, Jerome and Augustine illuminate what otherwise was a dark, hopeless period in the history of the church. These three Fathers were cultivated, scholarly men, students, and witness to the character producing power of study and culture, and to the truth that religion cannot divorce itself from disciplined brains and scholarship.

QUESTIONS

(1) Give dates of three great Latin fathers.
(2) To what part of church worship is the world indebted to Ambrose?
(3) Brief sketch of Augustine's life.
(4) What are his greatest writings?
(5) Who was his mother?
(6) Give story of his conversion.

"Fear God and Take Your Own Part" is the bombastic title of a forthcoming volume of reprinted addresses and magazine articles by Mr. Roosevelt, which Messrs. Doran will publish. It is comforting to know that it is only God whom we have to fear. We had gathered from Mr. Roosevelt's recent utterances that it was the Germans.—*The Dial.*

STUDY TABLE

The Education of the Negro Prior to 1861*

The history of the Negro in America is a chapter in the history of the people of the United States, but it is a chapter that remains to be written. Now, however, that this neglected field of research and study seems likely to be occupied, it is both natural and appropriate that the task should be undertaken by one who is himself a negro. Histories of some sort have, it is true, been written before now and, in recent years, a considerable collection of materials, consisting largely of biographies and family histories together with books written for, by and about the negro, have been gathered by collectors, mainly of the negro race.

The most important personal documents extant are naturally the autobiographies of Frederic Douglass, My Life and Times, and of Booker T. Washington, Up From Slavery. Other biographies or autobiographies have been written in recent years, but with the exception of the Autobiography of an ex-colored man, by James W. Johnson, which incidentally is not biography but fiction, none of them have been of any great importance.

The first serious attempt at history of the negro in America was George W. Williams' two volume history of the negro race, published in 1885. This book broke the ground. It represents a great deal of patient research, but it is controversial in tone. Since that there has been Booker T. Washington's sketch, The Story of the Negro, in two volumes, and A Short History of the American Negro, in one volume by Benjamin Griffith Brawley. More recently there has appeared a little book by W. E. B. du Bois, in which he has brought within the compass of one little volume a survey of the negro from our first knowledge of the race in Africa to the present day.

It has remained, however, for a younger man, possessing not merely breadth of view in scholarly training, to write what may almost be said to be the first authentic book of negro history that has thus far appeared. Carter Godwin Woodson, the author of the Education of the Negro Prior to 1861, was at one time a student at Chicago University. He finally graduated from Harvard University with the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, and is at present editor of the Journal of Negro History, recently started by a society composed of members of both races interested in stimulating a wider and more intelligent interest in negro history.

The theme of the new volume is well chosen. Perhaps no other phase of negro history could have been selected for interpretation in which, amid all that was coarse and common and "all too human" in the life of the negro in slavery days, the struggles of the lonely minority of the race for better and higher things is so touchingly expressed. Education has been, until very recent years, at any rate, the lodestar of the negro's ambition. Education, which offered him the key to all that justified the vaunted superiority of the white man over the black, this has been the gleam he followed. This book is the story of that gleam, and the struggle of the negro, in the dark period before the war, to follow it. In this struggle the American negro,—less the name of a race today than of a nationality, that is to say, a people with a history, traditions and a mission of its own—has risen to self-consciousness.

The History of Negro Education before the Civil War covers practically the whole history of the race in slavery and reflects all the vicissitudes and changing fortunes of the race during that period. The first slaves were mainly household servants; for nearly a hundred years the negro stood on something like equality with the white indentured servant. Both were bought and sold and the main difference was that the white man was a servant for a term of years while the negro was a slave for life. Under these conditions the black man was brought into intimate contact with the white man. There was relatively little attention given to education but of what there was the negro got a servant's share.

Later on, after the establishment of the plantation system, when the negro laborer came to be regarded like the cattle, as part of the working capital of the plantation, and particularly after insurrections and the anti-slavery agitation had seemed to make the negro and particularly the free negro and the educated negro a menace to the white man, the black man was denied opportunities that he previously enjoyed. Then came the period in which some sort of clandestine means of education was maintained. This was the romantic period of negro education when, as the author says, "the accounts of the successful strivings of negroes for enlightenment under most adverse circumstances, read like beautiful romances of a people in an heroic age."

Indirectly, through the pages of this history we gain a profound insight into the inner life, of not merely the negro but of the whole South during slavery days. Slavery was not always and everywhere the same. It was a profoundly human institution and there is probably no chapter in the history of American life which is so tinged with human interest; no chapter more instructive than that which deals with the life of the negro during the period of slavery.

University of Chicago. ROBERT E. PARK.

* A History of the Education of the Colored People of the United States from the Beginning of Slavery to the Civil War, by Carter Godwin Woodson, Ph.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1915.

YOU.

If you no more should love me—you?
It takes my breath, a thought so strange
As that aught earthly could your spirit woo
To change!

Remote from doubt, I dwell secure
In faith all minor faiths above,
So do I trust, so live, in your
Incomparable love!

I laugh for joy to think how much
A question would your nature wrong,
Whom Heaven created, with a noble touch,
So strong!

Nay, new-born, doubt for me were over.
You will remain unchanged and true—
Not, not that I am I, my lover,
But just that you are you!

The London Athenæum. —*Florence Earle Coates.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

FOUR ALLIES TO THE JEWS.

Israel Zangwill, speaking to three thousand Jews at a London mass meeting in aid of the destitute Russian refugees, said that every Jew who went to the United States not only helped himself, but raised the position of the whole race, an exchange states.

"America was the first ally the Jews, as a people, had acquired," added Mr. Zangwill, "and Israel makes a great mistake in trying to live solitary like the wild ass which Hosea prophetically compared him to.

"The Jews have found their second ally in the labor party, who, at the recent Bristol conference, passed this resolution:

"'This conference desires to express its satisfaction at the efforts to secure in all countries the rights of citizenship for Jews, and instruct all the labor party, both in parliament and in the country, to take whatever steps are possible to develop public opinion so that the persecution of the Jews shall be immediately stopped; that whatever terms of peace will be discussed, there shall at the same time be discussed and settled terms and conditions which shall guarantee to the Jews and other nationalities in similar circumstances social, political, industrial and national development.'

"The third ally the Jews had found in the Scottish Christian Church, but," concluded Mr. Zangwill, "I very much regret that owing to systematic attacks in the English Jewish press, this alliance has been broken off, on the pretext of fear of conversion.

"Every branch of the Christian Church has its missionary side, and to refuse the hand of felowship and love held out by the church was a great mistake. If the Christians showed their hatred, the Jews grumbled; whereas, if the Christians showed their love, the Jews trembled. We must cast off this unhealthy instinct and isolation.

"The fourth ally we have found is all that is best in Russia. The liberal parties and intellectuals are with us to a man, and dark as is the present situation there, our final emancipation can no more be staved off than the emancipation of Russia in general, with whom it is inseparably bound up."—*Chicago Daily News.*

"THE PROBLEMS AND LESSONS OF THE GREAT WAR"

Realizing how clarifying is the frank discussion of public policies from various viewpoints, Clark University has welcomed to its platform speakers of distinction who have given earnest thought, often leading to divergent conclusions, regarding the problems growing out of the war. The addresses are to be published by the Putnams in April under the title of *The Problems and Lessons of the War—Clark University Addresses.*

Never, perhaps, has our country faced possibilities more perplexing. As the war itself has been on a scale that defies comparison with earlier wars, so the problems growing out of it because of their very magnitude have necessarily been seen from different angles. Yet on the correct grasping of the problems that lie ahead depends the formation of national and, for that matter, of international policy and the safeguarding of the future.

These addresses, the crystallized convictions of thoughtful, public-spirited men, will stimulate thought in others and will mold action. The addresses, totaling over a score, are in part devoted to the subject of preparedness; in part they deal with economic aspects; a third group consists of proposals for restricting or eliminating war; a fourth discusses the test of war; two addresses that have been the cause of much editorial comment since they were delivered, have to do with hyphenated Americans; a sixth group presents British and German viewpoints; there is an address, delivered by a distinguished Latin-American, on Pan-Americanism, and a concluding address on the Red Cross. The full list of addresses included in the volume follows:

America's Need for Preparedness in Policy. By Norman Angell.

The Defense of the Republic and the Maintenance of Our National Obligations. By George Haven Putnam.

The Naval Lessons to the United States in the Present War. By Ira N. Hollis.

The Functions of the Naval Consulting Board. By Arthur Gordon Webster.

The Poison of Preparedness. By Warren Worth Bailey.

Preparedness: The American Program. By William I. Hull.

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Some of the Rights and Obligations of American Citizenship. By George W. Anderson.

To What Extent Is American Served by Suppressing the Racial Traditions of its Hyphenated Citizens? By Camillo von Klenze.

The Effect of the War Upon Europe. By Stanton Coit.

What a German Victory Would Mean to the World. By John A. Walz.

The Effect of the War Upon Pan-American Coöperation. By Manoel de Oliveria, Lima.

The Influence for Peace in the Red Cross Work. By Mabel T. Boardman.

THE CHORUS.

A day comes in the springtime
When Earth puts forth her powers,
Casts off the bonds of winter
And lights him hence with flowers;
And then by marsh and meadow
And by the silvery sea,
Goes up the red-wings' chorus:
On-caree!

Not to the choir of heaven
Those braggart throats belong—
Pan in the swampy thicket
Tuned their rough reeds to song.
A strain of roistering music,
A burst of rustic glee,
Sounds in the rippling challenge:
On-caree!

These are the sweets of April:
A frosty sky and sun;
Brown fields new-plowed at evening
And the slant rain thereon;
The first raw scent of pollen,
The first rare hum of bee—
These, and the blackbird's gurgle:
On-caree!

Hope is a roving gypsy
With laughter on her tongue,
Whom the blue sky and sunshine
Keep gloriously young;
And year by year she lingers
Under a budding tree
To join the red-wings' chorus:
On-caree!

—*Dora Read Goodale.*
In "Country Life in America."

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Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.—Coleridge.

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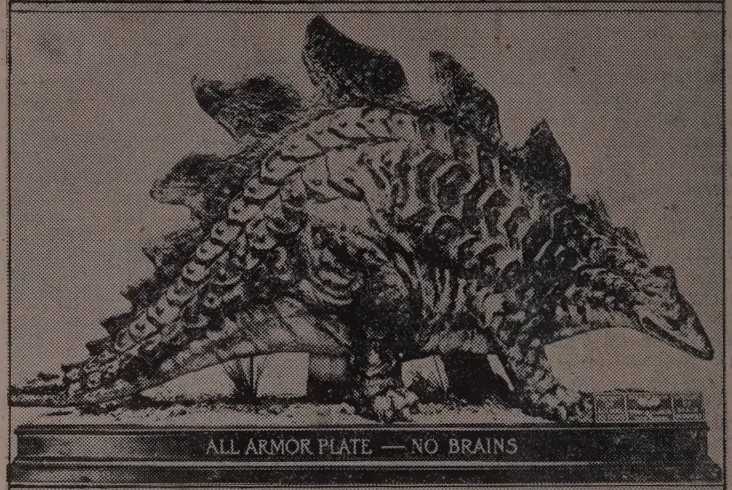

"This animal believed in preparedness; he is now extinct"

Washington, March —. The Anti "Preparedness" Committee, which is planning a big "swing around the circle" to block the proposed army and navy increase bills, has launched a huge model of the extinct "armored dinosaur" as a satire on "military preparedness."

This dinosaur, which is about fifteen feet long and built in proportion, will be carried on a huge truck through the various cities which the tour will include. On one side of the truck is a long placard reading as follows:

> ALL ARMOR PLATE: NO BRAINS!

And on the other side a long streamer announcing:

> This animal, trusting to military preparedness, had no intelligent foreign policy; he is now extinct.

The Committee has issued the following statement regarding the "natural history of the armored dinosaur as a symbol of so-called military preparedness":

We respectfully present the armored dinosaur—sometimes known as the stegosaurus—to our fellow citizens as a proper and appropriate symbol of current day militarism. Nothing, we submit, could be more like the heavy, stumbling, clumsy, brutal foolery which is destroying Europe than this old monster of the past. This creature, all armor plate and no brains, had no more intelligent way of living than that of "adequate preparedness." He endeavored to meet all his difficulties by piling on more and more armor until at last he sank by his own clumsy weight into the marsh lands such as one would expect to find at low tide at Oyster Bay.

The armored dinosaur, with a brain cavity more diminutive in proportion to the size of its body than that of any other animal, was unable to conceive of an intelligent foreign policy. It was like the militarist in this. Moreover, its vision was limited. Its eyes were small and could only look sideways; it could not look ahead.

It is thought by those who have studied these creatures that at one time there were at least fourteen different species of armored dinosaurs roaming about on the face of the earth. This fact has a peculiar significance, as there are just that number of patriotic societies in this country now urging dinosaurian preparedness upon us.

Increasing bulk and development of armor caused the dinosaur to lose celerity of movement. Thanks to "preparedness," he had no need to think and he became a sluggish, slow-moving creature of low mentality. Whereas his contemporaries in the animal kingdom, whose minds did not run so much on "preparedness," kept their wits about them and worked out plans by which to live and let live,—with the result that modern man and the armored dinosaur now meet each other only in museums.

So it will be with the great nations. The free peoples who refuse to take upon themselves the load of militarism, are destined to march far along the road of human progress while the goose-stepping, eternally saluting worshippers of the militarist top boot will have "prepared" themselves off the face of the earth.

The armored dinosaur is scheduled for appearance shortly in New York, Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Minneapolis, Des Moines, Kansas City, St. Louis, Cincinnati and Pittsburgh, where plans are under way for big mass meetings designed to ventilate "the truth about preparedness." Among the speakers scheduled are Washington Gladden, Scott Nearing, Amos Pinchot, Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, Dr. John Haynes Holmes, President James H. Maurer of the Pennsylvania State Federation of Labor, John A. McSparran, legislative chairman of the National Grange, Herbert S. Bigelow of Cincinnati, General Isaac R. Sherwood of Ohio, and others.